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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 17, 1851.

For the National Era. THE MOTHERS OF GREATNESS.

BY L. A. HINE.

We often hear it remarked that great me have almost universally been indebted to nobl mothers for their distinction. It has been assert ed that every child before the age of seven is im pressed with the essential elements of character that follow it through life; and, as mothers have the principal care and training of children until this age, it has been inferred that nearly all of goodness and greatness in human character is due to maternal influence. In pronouncing this no exaggeration, I would not underrate the power of the father over the destinies of his offspring. As both the male and female, harmoniously united in wellock, are essential to complete the complement of their respective characters, so is the influence of both parents necessary to the true education of the young. All things in the vegetable and animal kingdoms are distinguished into male, and female, and it were stupid to attempt an exaltation of the one above the other in power and influence. But this may be said without disparagement-that maternal imperfections as well as maternal virtues have more to do with the fortune of the child than have those of the father. I say that this is so in the present condition of societynevertheless, it should not be so, and will not in a state of truer development. Now we seem to regard the woman as predestined to the exclusive care of her children during the first septenniad of life; and the father is apt to regard them as annoyances, or at least to excuse himself from all attention in their behalf until they are old enough to be northy (!) of his regard. But, if I mistake not, the true system of infantile development re-

the mind of his wife. This is her poculiar pire, in which she reigns the almost absolute trol, and, if she understand the manner of imparting character to it, she can, by the exercise of her own will, tring into the world such a being as she pleases. If she would give birth to a Josephine or a Howard, a Timor or a Nero, she can do so by a simple and silent exercise of her will. If she has an enemy she hates, this hatred can be made doubly strong in her offspring. It was probably in view of these considerations that Plato laid down the rule that education must commence previous to the birth of the child, in the

But mere assertion is of little account. Though it has often been repeated that greatness is chiefly indebted to noble mothers still the more asser tion is of little worth. Let us glance into the history of Greatness, and see how the proposition is sustained by facts. In consequence of the mea ger character of almost all biographies, the facts concerning the characters of the parents are not always given. The biographer is too often inclined to claim over-much for his hero, and consequently it is an object to make as brilliant a contrast as possible between the position in which he dividual efforts. With the early English biographers, who partook the spirit of the times, and were aristocratic in feeling, we find an effort to conceal the meanness (?) of their heroes' origins, and to find in their ancestors at least the distinction of Gentlemen. But, in our democratic times, it is rather an object to trace the lives of the great to an humble origin. But even our recent blographers seem destitute of the Science of Greatness-that is, they do not appreciate the value of all the circumstances under which a great man came into the world and was educated; and consequently that minutia of facts touching the mental constitutions, acquirements, virtues, vices, and general habits of parents, is not given, by which the causes and consequences can be linked together, and valuable information obtained concerning the formation of human character.

The first examples I shall cite are those in which the peculiar characters of the distinguished personages seem to have originated directly in a singular mental constitution of the mother. Some of the cases will also show that the mental exercises of the maternal parent, even previous to birth, must have done much in giving character to the

Among the earliest in time as well as highest in renown on the page of modern Biography, stands the name of Lord Bacon. It is said that his fame may be chiefly attributed to the attention of his excellent mother, who instilled into his youthful mind the rudiments of science, and early away kened his speculative curiosity. It would doubtess be easy to say nearly as much of any mother of a distinguished personage; but other facts that may of given are by no means common. His mother was born in 1528, and in 1550, when twenty-two years of age, she made an accurate and highly selebrated translation from the Italian of twenty five sermons on the abstrace doctrine of Predest nation and Election. The mind of Lady Bacon must have been chiefly attracted by speculative philosophy to have induced her to undertake the ranslation of such a work. This is also seen in the fact, that subsequently, when the controversy between Papacy and the Church of Eugland ran high, she translated the work of Biehop Jewell, entitled "An Apology for the Church of England," from the Latin, in which it was written, in order to bring it within the understanding of the ommon people. This also was a scholarly permance, for it received the praise of the best scholars of the time, and the hearty thanks of the author, to whom she sent a copy, accompanied by an epistle in Greek. With such a mother, is it surprising that Sir Francis was endowed with those high mental qualities which enabled him to depose Aristotle from the throne on which he had reigned for two thousand years over the realm of Philosophy? Is it astonishing that Lord Bacon achieved a revolution in human thought, and be-

feeling the heart glow, whether it be with joy or sorrow. \* \* I like to think of everything, to look at mankind; I love to look through nature rom this orthinane source of modern specula-tive philosophy, let us recur to another centre of power more familiar to the masses of mankind, if not more distinguished for his genius. Refer-ence is now made to John Wesley, who, in conto look at mankind; I love to look through nature up to nature's God. I have no more religion than that, and in the little I have I am not the least devotional; but when I admire the beauties of nature, I cannot help thinking of the Source from whence such beauties flow. I feel it a support; I believe from a that all is governed for the heat had nection with a younger brother, was the father of Methodism. Who was the mother of these brothers that struck out a new path in which millions whence such headtles now. There it a support, believe firm y that all is governed for the best by an invisible Power—therefore I do not fear the evils of life so much. I love to feel good. I do what I can to be kind to everybody; I have many faults which I hope in time to overcome." She became in subsequentlife more "devotional" have since travelled to the land of spirits? We find she was the wife of a clergymen who was strict in his attendance on the sittings of the Convocations. During his absence, she conceived the full idea of her responsibility to her large family. As there was no Sebbath afternoon service at Epworth, where she lived, she prayed in her family.

From this brilliant source of modern specula-

ity, read a sermon, and engaged in religious conversation. Some of the more pious parishioners accidentally called in on these occasions, and they were not excluded. About this time, she pro-

everything that is serious, or that may in any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls,

if it be performed out of the pulpit, or in the way

of common conversation; because, in our corrupt age, the utmost care and diligence have been

used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual

concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be

ashamed of nothing so much as of confessing our-selves to be Christians." As to the objection on account of her sex, she said she was a woman, it was true, and though he was the rightful lord of

the family, yet she was the mistress, and during his absence she thought her children were committed

nands with the word, and I heartily was I had never given them more reason to speak sgainst me." Whereupon, Mrs Wesley, deeming her obligations to her Lord of heaven superior to those to her marital lord, continued her religious ministrations to the hungry and thirsty souls of Epworth. Finally, matters waxed worse and worse, and the Curate of the Parish became alarmed for the cause of deceases, good manners, and religious

In this case she did not rebel against her husband, but simply stated her convictions,

and only awaited his positive command, so that she might be acquitted before the great tribunal.

presence before the judgment-seat of the universe. Here we see the potency of superior mental pow-er ruling the minds of others silently, yet effect-

own course than risk the consequences which this powerful woman indicated. But this is not the

only instance in which Mrs. Wesley was true to her own convictions and personal consequence. She was an honest, out-spoken woman, and not

mare, and rode away, leaving her and her large family for twelve months, when the death of the King released him from his vow. The heroic

John Wesley, the founder of the largest Protes-tant sect, was the first birth after the reunion of

The next example I shall cite bears equally

A heavenly spirit is before us! We are now

beth, was a woman of excellent abilities, and of

erable attainments, as well as of much per

became in subsequent life more "devotional" than she described herself at seventeen; but a life actuated by the benevolent sentiments of the actuated by the benevolent sentiments of the above passage is characterized by the purest devotion. Doing good is devotion to God, for he is the Infinite Good.

Another example of equal force, illustrating the proposition in hand, is found in the motherhood of Henry IV, the noblest King that France ever had. True, Charlemagne had laid the foundations of national glory; Louis XIV, in more modern times, by his conquests, threw an awful air about

were not excluded. About this time, she procured a work that greatly enkindled her ardor for "good works" Her little audiences soon numbered forty and fifty, to whom she prayed, read from the book that had so justly awakened her attention to divine things, and finally her house was not able to contain the multitude that waited upon her ministrations. This invasion of the duties of the sterner sex, and this palpable violation of the injunction of St. Paul, excited the jealousy and indignation of some of the deacons of the parish, and they represented the affair to her husband in no very pleasant terms. He was thus induced to write to her, obtaining the proposition in hand, is found in the motherhood of Henry IV, the noblest King that France ever had. True, Charlemagne had laid the foundations of national glory; Louis XIV, in more modern times, by his conquests, threw an awful air about the mational standard; and, at a recent period, the Emperor Napoleon astonished the world by his amazing achievements in the name of France but it was the fourth Henry who reigned and toiled for the elevation of the masses of his people, as well as for the honor of the regal power among the nations of the earth. He was an arpeople, as well as for the honor of the regal power among the nations of the earth. He was an arterms. He was thus induced to write to her, objecting to her conduct, as "it looked particular," terms. He was thus induced to write to her, objecting to her conduct, as "it looked particular," dent patron of learning, and by his own hand because of her sex, and also because he was in a public station which rendered it necessary that he should do nothing to excite the public censure; and he recommended that some man read in her stead. In her reply, she thanked him for his plainness of speech, and, as to its looking particular and mechanical improvements were introduced. He cultivated the grape, and under his own exclusive patronage the silk worm was brought from the East, and set to work for his plainness of speech, and, as to its looking particular.

his plainness of speech, and, as to its looking par-ticular, she said, "I grant it does, and so does La Henriade. And who was the mother of the fourth Henry She is known in history as Jane, Queen of Navarre. This was then a small kingdom in the South of France, but now it is incorporated in the republic. Jane married Anthony of Bourbon, son of Charles, Duke of Vendome, by whom she had Henry IV. This Anthony was the first prince of the blood, and entitled to the protectorate of Charles IX during his minority. But the Queen Mother and the Guises, wishing to get the power into their own hands, endeavored to detach Anthony from the Protestant interest. The influence of the Pope and Cardinals was obtained, the family, yet she was the mistress, and during his absence she thought her children were committed to her under a trust from the great Lord of all families of heaven and earth. How should she answer to him if she failed? As to bringing consure upon him, she said, "For myself, I value no censure on this account; I have long since shaken hands with the world; and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak sgainst never given them more reason to speak sgainst method, and comparative quiet was which the King died, and comparative quiet was restored.

Not long subsequent to this, however, the third Not long subsequent to this, however, the third civil war, on account of religion, broke out, and Jane, the Queen of Navarre, raised a considerable force and led them to Rochelle, taking with her Henry, her son, and Catharine, her daughter. From this place she wrote letters to the King, the Queen-Mother, the Duke of Anjou, and the Cardinal of Bourbon, advising them of their ruinous policy. But as her advice was unheeded, the war continued, the Prince of Conde was slain, and the Protestants were defeated at the battle of Bassac. On receiving the melancholy news the Queen of worth. Finally, matters ware worth. Finally, matters ware word. But, if I mistake not, the true system of infantile development are quires the united counsels and care of both particle. For truly, if there be a character peculiar to the make and also to the female, and if they were designed to mutually infuence each other, that education is one-sided which is conducted exclusively by the one or the other.

But, not to dwell here, I have said that, in the present state of philosophy and society, varily more depends upon the reasons and an expectation. At length she wrote there are depends upon the reasons of the female, and also to the reasons of the female, and also to the female, and the protestant army, and before the august of the mother, that used to the female, and the protestant army, and there are depended upon the reason and the protestant army, and the present state of philosophy and society, varily more depended upon the reason and the protestant army, and the mother also the protestant ar submit to the commands of her temporal lord, but there must be no lack of explicitness in the Queen refused, and her provinces were invaded Towide took possession of all but Navarre, which he besieged. The Earl against him, and ne was defeated and driven back, and a treaty was made, in which the rights of Jane were guarantied, her dominions dedicated to the freedom of the Protestant faith, and she and her children acknowledged good cousins of the King. Her son married the King's sister; might be acquitted before the great triounal boubtless, Mr. Wesley at this time began to fear that his wife was right, and an alarm began to talk, the Queen-Mother, who could not endure seize him, lest he should be a defaulter in her tials, the Queen-Mother, who could not endure her rival, conspired with one Rene, skillful in

> band, even though that husband was entitled to the supreme command. She merely set forth in good, sound language, her own views as to her obligations to God and the souls of the people, and threw upon him a responsibility under which he trembled. He chose rather to let her take her own course than risk the consequences which the pendence against the French. His young and high-spirited wife, while pregnant with Napoleon, followed the patriot army on horseback across the mountains, and resided awhile on the summit of Mount Rotondo, in the parish of Naoli. Just be-She was an honest, out-spoken woman, and not timid in expressing her own convictions as to all questions, whether religious or political. The dispute arose among the people, whether the Prince of Orange was entitled to the throne of the realm. In this she differed with Mr. Wesley, who told her that he never would again cohabit with her until ahe should change her opinion. But her opinions were her own individual property, of which she could not divest herself, and her honesty forced her to declare the fact. Accordingly, true to his threat, he took his saddle-bags and a crust of bread, mounted his gray mare, and rode away, leaving her and her large of Napoleon.
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> Mount Rotondo, in the parish of Naoli. Just before the period of her confinement she was sent force the period of her confinement she was sent force the period of her confinement she was sent back to Ajaccio. Says Scott: "He read with interest that his mother's good constitution and bold character of mind having induced her to attend mass upon the day of his birth—being the Festival of the Assumption—she was obliged to return home immediately; and as there was no time to free future victor upon a temporary couch, prepared for her accommodation, and covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, representing the heaving and a crust of bread, mounted his gray mare, and rode away, leaving her and her large of Napoleon.

> to which the thoughts, feelings, and passions of the mother, while moulding the tenement of a soul, stamps its destiny in life! This is a sub-ject full of warning for all mothers and for all fathers! To mothers, that they may be truth-ful and pure; and to fathers, that they may assist his parents. If the influence of this separation so chastened the spirits of his parents as to im-press the son with his noble character, then forpress the son with his noble character, then for-tunate was the temporary disagreement! How much of the Father of Methodism can be traced to the character of his mother! We see in her the spirit of inquiry, the lofty tone of independ-ence, and the mental power calculated to govern, which distinguished her illustrious son! In his writings do we not observe one distinguishing their wives in all that is good, and surround them with pleasant circumstances. The mother has almost the power to predestine a soul to happi-

> The example of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY is also in writings do we not observe one distinguishing feature of Methodism? John Wesley was born point His mother possessed a lofty and ingenuous spirit, says his biographer. She was a daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, and the tragical events in which her family was concerned weaned her from the vanities and follies of life. She is strong upon the proposition in hand—to wit, that those faculties of the head and those sentiments described as devoting herself, like Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, to the education of her of the heart which are in active exercise immediately preceding and subsequent to the birth of a child, are transmitted in predominant power. The reader must not be told that this case also children, in which she was most faithful. She possessed a large understanding, and was a model of virtue and excellence, qualities which adorned bears most forcibly upon the main idea of this paper—to wit, the relation of noble mothers to noble sons. the life of her noble son. He was favorite of his age." Rom. 1550. He was "the universal

> The mother of Liceressum, a distinguished German baron, in 1742, is described as having been a woman of superior mind—one who had a taste for the speculative branches of natural phi-A heaven's spirit is delote unity and excellence of that queenly benefactress, ELIZABETH FRY! She was born in 1780, and was descended from a long line of Quakers. Of her mother, the biographer remarks: "Mrs. Gurney, mother of Elizabeth She was born in 1780, and was descended from a long line of Quakers. losophy, and yet was most attentive to her maternal duties—the education of her eighteen children constituting her chief delight. He was universally gifted—a great mathematician, a profound thinker, and distinguished in literature.

> The mother of Novaris, another distinguished German, was eminent for her worth—"a pattern of noble piety and Christian mildness"—virtues which were often tried in her subsequent life. considerable attainments, as well as of much personal beauty. She was disposed to scientific and literary pursuits, and singularly delighted in the charms and beauties of nature, imbuing her children, almost in infancy, with tastes that remained with them through life. But, not to depend upon the mere statement of the biographer, let me quote a passage from the diary of this excellent mother, in which her true spirit appears. The following bears date April, 1789: "In the morning endeavor, at first waking, to bring the mind into a silent waiting and worship, preparatory to the active employment of the day; when up, visit the several apartments of the children, and, if leisure permit before breakfast, read the Scriptures—if not, it should not be afterwards neglected; forgot not the kindest attention to my companion before parting for the day. After walking with the little ones and endeavoring to enjoy He was born in 1772.

The father of EDMUND WALLER, one of the British poets, died when his son was a child, and his education devolved on his mother. She was a woman of bold spirit and penetrating mind. She was a zealous royalist, and was said to have been the Protector's aunt. She did not disguise been the Protector's aunt. See did not disguise her sentiments from Cromwell, even when at the height of his power. She predicted to him that things would one day resort to their old channels, leaving him and his friends in ruin. For her bold royalty, Cromwell deprived her of liberty by placing her in charge of one of her daughters, who had married a realous friend of the Protection. no and married a reasons friend of the rotec-v. She had been a correspondent with the lead-g royalists, and Cromwell thought her danger-is to the stability of his power. Such was the otherhood of Waller. And who was he? Beof age. He was cousin of the noble Hampden, and made a speech in his defence of which 20,000 copies were sold in one day! He was born in

strength of those sympathies which so preëminently distinguished her illustious daughter, as evidenced, not only in her philanthropic life, her visits to the poor, the outcast, and imprisoned, and invoking relief from the Government, but also as seen in the eloquent words of her own diary. On the 16th of May, 1797, when but seventeen years of age, Elisabeth made the following entry in her journal: "There is a nort of luxury in giving way to the feelings. I love to feel for the sorrows of others; to pour wine and oil into the wounds of the afflicted; there is a luxury in ographical facts, with some valuable hints respect-

ing the education of mothers. I have to remark, those words, baptized them in the midnight winethat biographers have culpably omitted the most important circumstances attending the birth and early education of the great, and in comparatively few cases can they be found. These facts I regard as most valuable in the promotion of sound philosophy on this subject. In the few cases I have cited, there can be no room for doubt as to the truth of the doctrine attempted to be enforced by them. If permitted to continue this subject, I shall cite many more cases showing the almost omnipotence of the maternal influence.

For the National Era. LIFE ON PRAIRIE DE LA FLEUR. - No. 5.

BY MARY IRVING. PICTURES OF PATRIOTISM .- FIRST.

"The mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism " My boy! must you go?"

A widowed mother pressed the thick curls of her youngest born, her best beloved, with this uestion quivering upon her lips.

The youth-he was scarcely more than a boy, though a lieutenant's uniform glittered on his form-that was bending in graceful carelessness upon one knee, looked up with mock gaiety in his laring eye, but decision in the curve of his lip. "I must, mother! What's written is written!

one step, nom! "But your own will could, my son. One word from your lips could snap every link of that strange chain that is dragging you down!"

The leagued powers of earth could not turn me

"A chain, mother! It is a chain of glory, at least, and I will bind it as a halo of glory, around my head, when I have worked my way to a higher henor than this!" he proudly replied, glancing down rather contemptuously upon the insignia of his newly-gained lieutenantcy.

"Glory ! oh, don't speak of glory, Ralph! You are going to dye that wreath in the hottest tears of the heart-broken-in the heart's blood of the dying! Talk not of glory in this terrible war!"

"Ha! mother mine, what a fine patriot you would have made in glorious old 76! George III might have died in peace, King of the Colonies & Co., if all chicken-hearted mammas had tied their brave boys to their spron-strings. 'Terrible war!' Why, the hero-hearted mothers of the Revolution were proud of their soldier-boys, mother, and you" -

"They battled not for glory, nor for slavery, boy! It was for liberty-the liberty which their sons trample upon !"

lessly twirling the brass buttons of his coat, preparatory to fastening them. "I shall have enough to do to take care of my body, though, without much of a lookout for the soul, I'm thinking!"

"Husb, Ralph!" whispered the mother, be seechingly, clasping me hand upon her pale forepoisons, to take her off. Accordingly he sold her poisoned perfumes, which sickened her with a fever that terminated her life in 1572, at 44 years other.

seechingly, clasping of hand upon her pale foreling the opening of this fearful diorama. He looked on all with the eye of an enthusiast, who is watching the gradual embodiment of the "one The waiter just then gave the expected rap at

"Ahoy, there! Ready? In a jiffy, man. strap this trunk-and where's Letty ?" "Oh, brother!" A young girl sprang out from

an inner chamber, with tear-swollen cheeks and dishevelled locks. With a suppressed scream she threw her arms around her brother's neck, and clung there as though her life would ebb away in the parting. "Oh. nonsense, Letty! what a candidate for

soldier's bride you are !" "You never will come back-never!" she

heaved from her convulsed heart. "'The raven may croak in the gray old oak, sis; but you are no raven, with your tangled chestnut curls; so, pray don't bother your poor little head with its own foolish fancies. There, that's a clever girl! that's enough! Bless you! I must have that one curl, though !" He drew his virgin blade, and, clipping it from the quivering head, tucked it hastily into his watch-pocket "Good bye, pet! take good care of your little

heart-good bye-go!" He unlocked her arms, almost by force, and drawing her to the door, shut the sobbing girl into her solitary chamber. "Enough of scenes, I say! Give me one good

over her foreboding heart. "That's my own brave mother! Hurrah for Old Zack!" and with a bound he sprang to the

Mrs. Maybew clasped her white hands, and staggered to the window. Up to that very last moment she had hoped-for a mother's prayers are all hoping. He loved her—she knew he loved face of Earth, bereaved of her children! The her, in spite of all his waywardnes—and could tramp of returning horse-hoofs shook the tents, he really leave her? Mrs. Mayhew had too he really leave her? Mrs. Mayhew had too slightly curbed the will of the rash, reckless, but generous-hearted boy her dying husband left in fever had faded from his face, and now the shadow her charge. Beautiful, sociable, and self-willed of death lay upon it. He had uttered but one left to ream unwatched and unrestrained in the word—the one cry of burning thirst, since his left to roam, unwatched and unrestrained, in the streets of a city, it needed no sybil to predict his fortune and his fate. Too late the mother woke from her dream of unsuspecting trust, to find the noble boy whose head she had cherished upon her heart, a leader in the haunts of the dissipated and the vicious. A leader he would be, everywhere. Nature had stamped no second-rate talent on his broad, open forehead; and though a " wandering star," he would be always a star of the "first

magnitude!" She had found a home in the western world close upon the borders of Prairie de la Fleur and by every charm that a mother's heart could conjure around it, she sought to wean him from the gay world, and bind him to that home. But the restless spirit chafed impatiently, and sought its former revelry. The quiet beauty of nature did not speak to his heart as it speaks to the heart sides being a poet of immortal renown, he was a did not speak to his heart as it speaks to the h sky was lovely to his beclouded eyes. He soon tired of the lonely pleasures of hunting and fishing; and then the wide prairie was a cage too narrow for his spirit.

hints ripened into action, and action gave utter-ance to resolution, firm and fixed, the mother prepared for the worst, yet could not believe that

he worst would really come.

It had come now—it had petrified her heart into dreadful apathy, as she stood clasping the win-dow-frame with fingers that felt it not, gazing rigidly into the court beneath the high window of the hotel. Ralph's last ringing foot-fall had died away on her ear; her heart unconsciously craved

Young Mayhew stepped gaily from the piazza, and glanced up, as if drawn by the magnetism of his mother's eye. He nodded quickly, and turned to pass on; but his step slackened—his head dropped from its haughtiness. He stopped short, drew himself up again, and walked briskly a few feet; then suddenly turning face about, he marched resolutely back to the door he had just quitted.

footstep came up the long flight of stairs; and when Ralph's mother looked in vague question into his changed countenance, she saw that no trifle had called him back. He threw his military

war, and all that! It was too bad to leave you so like a boot, any how!"

from the honest earnings of a hard-working people ample funds for the fulfilment of its pur-The mother's heart trembled for an instant poses with a new, warm hope that his words went on

Fate's fate, at best, call it what you will: cal your lawy never - pshaw! I may never come back! that's the long and short of it, mother, and I've been a wild slip of a youngster to you. I've come back to say just this," he hurried on, with a quick, half lifting of his drooping lashes; "that if I've ever hurt your feelings—and I know I have—I'd ask of you to forgive me, mother!

"My boy! of God!" was all Mrs. Mayhew could speak. She raised her hand toward heaven, and then dropped upon her son's shoulder in com-plete helplessness. He did not chide the half-broken heart for its out-gushing. He bowed in that baptism of a mother's tears and blessing, until the stroke of the steamboat bell startled him to recollection. He smoothed back her gray hair gently, hastily, and tenderly kissed her sad

ready to lock, Ralph. I put in Letty's miniature and mine—and a Bible—your father's Bible, Ralph, you may transport the little black trank is generals, officers, and aid-de-camps have watched all night, in the restlessness of impatient responsibility—you need act mark the long array of glity ou?" she added, in a pleading under-tone.

"May be not," returned the young man, caresiantly in the lock upon all again—you lessly twirling the brass buttons of his coat, preneed not follow its track up the now strangely smiling sky, and look with its eye of fire straight on the unveiled face of war, for you have seen it too often before. I can give it no daguerreotype in this simple tale of truth.

Ralph Mayhew stood on that morning, watch-

> is watching the gradual embodiment of the "one idea" that has taken a thousand forms to his soul's eye, already. His proud by charger reared and pawed the turf impatiently by his side, while the hand that grasped the rein throbbed with the torrent-sweeping pulse a courageous heart pours out in the hour of hazard. With a glance that scanned piercingly the green earth far around and before him, but looked not once into the pure blue heaven, he awaited eagerly the signal sh "Onward! my brave boys, and at them!" he shoute I, suddenly springing, with one bound, into his saddle, as the crashing voice of a cannon burst through the bodingly-hushed air, rousing the deions of rage and hate that were slumbering in ten thousand human hearts. Another moment

and a bell came booming through the forest of flashing bayonets, bearing on its lightning path with a fearful mission. It stooped not to riot on the hosts in common file, but sweeping just over the heads of the infantry, burst with relentless power straight through the ranks of the cavalry. Just as young Captain Mayhew first turned to wave his blade in wild exultation to his dauntless troop, he suddenly dropped from its sight, like a failing star in November.

Thunders shook the earth—the lightning

man's artillery, fiercer, deadlier than the light-ning of Heaven, flashed intensely bright through sulphureous cloud which the war-fiend breathed up in the face of the summer sky.

Ralph saw nothing of all this-heard nothing save the faint roar of the deep-toned guns that shook with a shuddering vibration the low tent-bed where his brother in arms, his dearest soldier-friend, had borne him, and laid him down—to die by kiss—quick, mother!"

Mrs. Mayhew had arisen, and stood stiffing her agony under a seeming of cold stateliness. She bent down and touched his lips with hers, but a shudder passed over her frame as she did it, as though a wave from the river of death had dashed the sure of war riging around him and clouding though a wave from the river of death had dashed the strong of war riging around him and clouding though a wave from the river of death had dashed the sire he strong with burning lips, to breathe.

Water I wave from the river of death had dashed the sire he strong with burning lips, to breathe. "Water! water!" groaned the anguished grou of wounded and dying about him; and "water! was the half-delirious cry of his own exhausted na-ture, as the drained life-tide left him to consume away in the fever of a burning heart and brain Water was lifted to his lips, poured on his fore bend, and he sank back, like a tired child, on his

and over all a wild reverberating shout rung out

"Mother!" he eagerly murmured, looking painfully about him—"Mother—come!" The attendants turned from the moaning suf-ferers around, to catch the young officer's dying

"What shall I tell your mother, Ralph?" asked his comrade, kneeling by his cot-bed, and bending his ear down to the whisperer's parted lips. "Mother!" The dying youth sprang impul-sively up, but sunk, with a moan of pain, to his " Mother !"

" And what else, Ralph ?"

His eye was freezing under Death's touch, now, but his lips shaped one more faint murmur. "Mother!" his companion caught with the last breath that quivered away. His young life had gone out, and his soul—whither? There was mourning in the prairie he

There was mourning in the prairie home, far away, deeper than the dark robes that enshrouded its weepers. The sister drooped like a broken lily among her budding spring roses, and watered, day and night, with her heart's warm rain, the memory of the one dear face that slept in a stranger's grave. The mother looked upon the wreck of her hope, and turned to Heaven for the balm Earth never gives the broken heart. "He hath done all things well!" she meekly uttered, when cold condolence sought to intrude into her heart's

vapor bubble that feeds the meteor patriotism of ur "nineteenth century!" Thanks to humanity, it is not all a meteor. There are some stars n heaven yet.

The sun came up from the bosom of the lake, to look on a grand galaday. The like was never seen on our Western shore. Every shop and store closed its doors, except those whose commodities have such a subtle affinity with warlike spirits; as to kindle the flame of would-be patriot. ism into wildest conflagration. Those were wide open, enticing the unwary in the speech of many nations. Companies of cavalry and infantry, from cities and towns far and near, paraded to the beat of the muffled drum, and the refrain of sad sweet music, through the crowded streets. Every man, woman, and child, who could press or creep into the street, or even to a front window, was gazing. in the delight of curiosity, upon the glittering

"Them's the C- Grays, home from Mexico!" spoke a ragged, barefooted urchin, as a new train rattled along. "My eyes! how they prance on the prairie! Won't I be a soger yet, though!" In the recessed window above him, three ladies, in gala dress. fair, beautiful flowers of fashionable aristocracy, stood, showering down their sweetest aristocracy, stood, snowering down their sweetest smiles and glances, and waving their white hand-kerchiefs and whiter hands to the glory-crowned "defenders of their country's fame !" A bouquet of rose-buds and myrtle, wreathed with cedar quitted.

"Some trifle has been forgotten," murmured the mother, stifling a quick heart-throb that had poured one crimson streak into her pale lips. It was clowly, softly, lingeringly, that the returning footstep cause up the long flight of states.

A troop, clad in sable, came slowly after; the music grew more broken and plaintive—and then a hearse, magnificently caparisoned, with sweeping drapery and nodding plumes, gliding through the yielding throng, toward the place of graves. tribe had called him back. He threw his mintary cap to the floor, sprang to her side, and clasped both her hands in his, while his earnest eye spoke fresh from the one nook childhood's memory had kept warm in his heart—

Mother! I've been thinking—the chances of had put its hand to the public treasury, and drawn

> The swelling cration had poured out its last breath; the military dinner and its revelry were over; the last of the minute guns had ceased to dred dust again. The shouts of intoxication deepened with the twilight, and rockets whizzed the lingering heaven lit clouds—fit luridly up to the lingering heaven-lit clouds-fit emblems of the false, fleeting glare that had that

day dazzled the willing souls of men!

A pale girl put aside the bed-curtains within a chamber that had been closely darkened all day long, and lovingly whispered—"Are you better now, dear mamma?"

"Is it over, all over, Letty?" spoke the woman, lifting her wan face from the pillow she had closely darkened around it for hours.

clasped around it for hours.
"All's over, except the firing and the drunken rioting—these will last all night. Do let me comb your hair, dear mamma, and bring you a cup of tea," she added, soothingly, parting the

one corner of that curtain, love; I would look at the blessed stars to-night Who calls them the the promises of God, written unchangeably in A cold, high, costly monument tens the name, stranger's eye, in the burial ground of \_\_\_\_\_\_.

The world looks on it to envy and admire; but the dew of affection's memory seldom falls there. The shadow of that babbling, estentatious marble shrink into their own solitude to weep, and turn away from what the world looks on. only trace the meteor of false patriotism has left on one victim-track-this is the grave of glory!

N. B. If the Western reader will substitute "stage shed" for "stage shied," in the latter part of the first sketch of this series, he will improve the sense of the passage, and recognise an expression much more familiar to himself

FROM CINCINNATI. CINCINNATI, February 5, 1851.

To the Editor of the National Era: Recovering a little from sore afflictions that over the prospects of our country in reference to the controversy between the advocates of liberty and slavery ; and, without dwelling upon our former errors, or the causes that have conspired to

produce the present condition of aff-irs, allow me to state what that condition is in part now.

The controlling influence of both the Whig and Democratic parties are united, and their faith publicly pledged to admit several slave States, from what is now called Texas-to allow New Mexico and Utah to come in as slave States—to prohibit any legislation in the Territories against slavery, and by appointing slaveholders to judicial offices in Territories, to protect slaveholders in their nation to its utmost extent-to continue slavery ussion on the subject of slavery, unless it be aroffice, or derive any support from the fifty-five millions of annual Government disbursements, unless he will advocate Slavery and denounce Free Soil and Liberty. These are a part of what both these parties are pledged to do and whatever other differences they may have as parties, they are agreed so far, let either of the parties be in

lemanded by the South that it is well known both of these parties are prepared to support as a condition of maintaining the alliance between the Northern and Southern wings of those parties; among which measures are the acquisition of Cuwith or without war-the augmenting of the ng slavery, and in various other ways finally to complete the work of nationalizing, perpetuating,

the faith of the Whig party in favor of Free Soil, before that party came into power; and equally true, that Webster went over to the enemy, and not only abandoned his former friends and principles, but became a leader of the enemies of Free Soil, and supported the extreme slaveholder's messures, while Mr. Corwin, after remaining silent during the long session, finally, by accepting office under Mr. Webster, adopted his policy, and ave his support to the most pro-slavery Admintration our country has ever had.

It is also true, that Seward and Greeley advocate freely the principles of liberty; but it is as true, that they throw their entire strength into the support of the Whig party, and thus do the cause of hymen liberty. of human liberty more harm than they could do as consistent advocates of Webster's and Fill-more's principles, while they adhere to the party. It is true that there are many honest men in both parties whose support is secured by the influence of such men as Seward and Hamlin; but in nei-ther of those parties is there enough of sound reinfluence is all powerful; and while the power of the country is divided between those two parties,

the country is divided between those two parties, every measure of our Government will be, hereafter, as heretofore, exerted to maintain and extend slavery and crush liberty.

And now, Doctor, in view of all this, and much more, can the friends of liberty do nothing? There is an almost unanimous sentiment in the free States in favor of freedom, as once advocated by Corwin, and Webster, and the great body of Free-Sollers: but there is no organization—all the

parties, or that patriotic, self-sacrificing Free-Sollers meditate any choice between these proslavery parties-neither has ever been, or can be, true to liberty, while organized with slave-holders. Slaveholders cause belong to a party that has a single aspiration in favor of universal Union and liberty for an entire and perfect organization, that the weight of free principles may be felt. Delay is certain ruin—action cannot be worse. There is a spirit abroad, seeking modes of demonstrating its power that may be made to bear upon our next Congress, so as to prevent the consummation of the ruinous measures that slave holders intend to perfect.

The exigency demands a united, powerful, and continued effort. It may cost many of us what remains of our exhausted strength. Be it so. We must no longer measure our efforts by what we can do after every other object has been provided for; but our labors should only be limited by what is required—and the smaller the number of active men, the more need of nobler effort. God yet

men, the more need of notice effort. God yet rules; his power always sustains truth, and with the little that remains of liberty we may make the combinations of traiters and tyrants varn pale at the work their wickedness will have proveded. If our sentinels at Washington decline to lead off in this holy work for Union and liberty, then turn the matter over to the people, and let veterated the formula of the decline to lead the matter over the people, and let veterate the formula of the decline to the people, and let veterate the formula of the decline to the people, and let veterate the formula of the decline to the people, and let veterate the formula of the people ran friends of freedom at once correspond and agree upon some plan to secure within the coming spring and summer a united action in favor of liberty, keeping in view that Christian principle must guide every action in so holy a cause

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY. - No. 10.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

Intense heat expels the carbonic acid from the earbonate of lime. Oxyde of calcium is left. This oxyde rapidly and largely absorbs water. It then becomes the hydrate of lime, as the result of slaking. The water absorbed by this process be-comes solid; more so than ice. It has the same solidity of the lime itself, as it is a part of it in from a liquid to a solid, gives up its latent heat, then becoming sensible heat, as is familiar to every child, from witnessing the slaking of lime while passing the streets. The changing of latent to sensible heat, as manifested by the operation of slaking lime, familiar to every one, arises from a sort of fundamental principle in chemical science. This principle furnishes one of the most important items of knowledge in the whole range of science, or possible for any human being to possess—the expansive power of heat. It explains thousands upon thousands of interesting operations, constantly going on before our eyes, alike under di-vine and human agency, both in nature and the

arts. It can also be as readily learnt by the child of five years as by the man of fifty.

The oxyde of calcium and the hydrate of lime both possess strong alkaline powers. All alkalies have a strong tendency to combine with acids; producing neutral salts. Nitric acid (aquafortis) and caustic patch, each powerfully corresive. and caustic potash, each powerfully corrosive, combine with each other readily, rapidly, and in-timately, producing saltpetre, having little or no corrosive power. Muriatic acid and soda, also corrosive in a separate state, readily enter into a chemical combination, and produce common salt, an indispensable article upon every table. It is not uncommon to have life secrificed to an ignorance of the relative powers of soids and alkalies, not to mention stains and other injuries upon gar ments and other articles, with the daily use by every housekeeper of the relations of these two

important agents in domestic economy. As lime, an alkaline earth, is far more abundant than potash, soda, or ammonia, the three principal alkalies, farmers, mechanics, and housekeepers, advantage in many cases than either of the pur element of our globe destroys or neutralized acids, both of natural and artificial production plants into salts, and prominy posts to numerous ers, and housekeepers can use it for cleaning vessels, becoming acid by use in domestic economy and in very numerous cases greatly to their ow

EXPERIMENT - Pince a drop of some strong soid upon a piece of black broadcloth, and a red stair will be the result. Cover the stained cloth with some alkali, and the color will be restored. Dozens of similar experiments may follow.

PLAN OF OPERATION.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The position of the country at the present june ture is remarkable for its opportunies of good, and its empubilities of evil, to the cause of Freedom. Never were the old masses of the old par-ties less coherent than now, or more disposed to give heed to the calls of morality in their politi-cal action; and never were more strenuous efforts used by the leaders of those parties, and the mere trading interest, to put to an eternal sleep the agitation of the fundamental principles of Liberty and equal rights in this Republic. pose them to succeed, and the present lull in Congress to continue and pervade the nation. The old parties would resume their ambitious rivalry, and bid against each other for the balanoing and decisive vote of the South. "We will give you," says the Whig party, "for the next Presidential candidate a man pledged to the Com-promises, Fugitive Slave bill and all." "We will go for Cass and Cuba," shouts the next Baltimore Convention. This is the plain reading of the future, if Anti-Slavery agitation be not actively

prosecuted.

Ought not a more comprehensive and system

atic course of measures than any lately pursued in behalf of Freedom, to be set on foot by its on their part, on a great moral question, to be re lying on speeches in Congress, party machinery and atrong spasmodic exertions at the time of elections. These are useful and necessary means; but what is wanted besides, in order to place the country under the control of the friends of free principles, is a steady series of appeals by Anti-Slavery lecturers, speakers, and tracts, the strong-est and most earnest, to the humanity, justice, and patriotism of the People. Their consciences are almost impregnable near the time of election, but at other times comparatively accessible. Why almost impregnable near the time of election, but at other times comparatively accessible. Why may not the pure and worthy leaders of the cause of Freedom, who have stood forth amidst the corrupt politicians of the day as the persecuted apostles of a holy faith, join in closer cooperation, and in an interchange of their self-sacrificing efforts throughout the North? Let the Free Soil State Central Committee, or some such organizations, correspond, and, having raised sufficient fands for the purpose, concert arrangements whereby the correspond, and, having raised sufficient funds for the purpose, concert arrangements whereby the Sumners, Palfreys, Hales, Manns, Allens, Nileses, and Sewards, of the East, shall be invited, and their expenses parily or wholly paid, to deliver discourses in behalf of Freedom through the Middle and Western States; and Chass, Gid-dings, Root, Durkee, Littlejohn, Lewis, and others, go through an answering tour of dur. East go through an answering tour of duty East. Most eagerly would their lessons be received. Advantage might be taken for this purpose of their journeys to and from Congress and else-where. Every village should be roused by a lecturer, every county by a convention. Petitions against the Fugitive Slave law, and other memorials, should descend upon Congress thick as

snow-flakes.

The means above recited are practical, and would be decisive in their operation. Let not such inestimable elements of power to bless the country be disused. Their efficient exercise from this time to the next Presidential election would probably make it plainly an object for one of the two great parties to nominate a candidate true to the instincts of Freedom, who would sweep the entire North out of the hands of any compromiser

that could be run against him.

Correspondence from East to West is indispensable, and entirely practical. Ample funds should be raised, and can be. The champions of Freedom must be willing to make some sacrifices, and they will be. The times are threatening if

New York is to be opened in 1852, when they expect to have fifty thousand volumes. It has now 28,369 volumes, and Joseph Cogswell, their superintendent, will sail for Europe, to make further purchases, in the spring. Their total receipts for the past year have been \$274,519 41.

LARGE DONATION .- Dr. Smead, the banker of Cincinnati, has made a donation of six thousand dollars towards the endowment of an institution